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Full Moon Story, Issue 10 of lots, October 1993, lunar publication. This is not an Indiana. Really. Therefore we aren't trying to elude, pass or weasel out of responsibility for any offence, hardship or upcoming paternity suits. The opinions of the authors do not reflect those of FMS, so don't complain to us. All submissions must be in by Friday, October 15. Articles are to be submitted on 3.5" floppy disk (Mac or IBM format), or hand written. **WE WILL NOT ACCEPT COMPUTER PRINTOUTS!!!** Printed on slaughtered trees for your benefit and enjoyment ya smegheads.

A Word From The Editor

Harvey Lee

"They gave you life. And in return you gave them hell."

-Shout: Tears For Fears



There are some people out there that believe I should charge something for **AMS**. Personally, I don't like the concept, 'cause I find it a deterrent for you readers. Unless there's a guaranteed readership of 50 plus, or if there's something that just HAS to have a cover price (mainly to pay for the cover) then there won't be one for the foreseeable future. How do you feel about this? Are you willing to part with 50¢ to a dollar per issue? Comments and replies are appreciated.

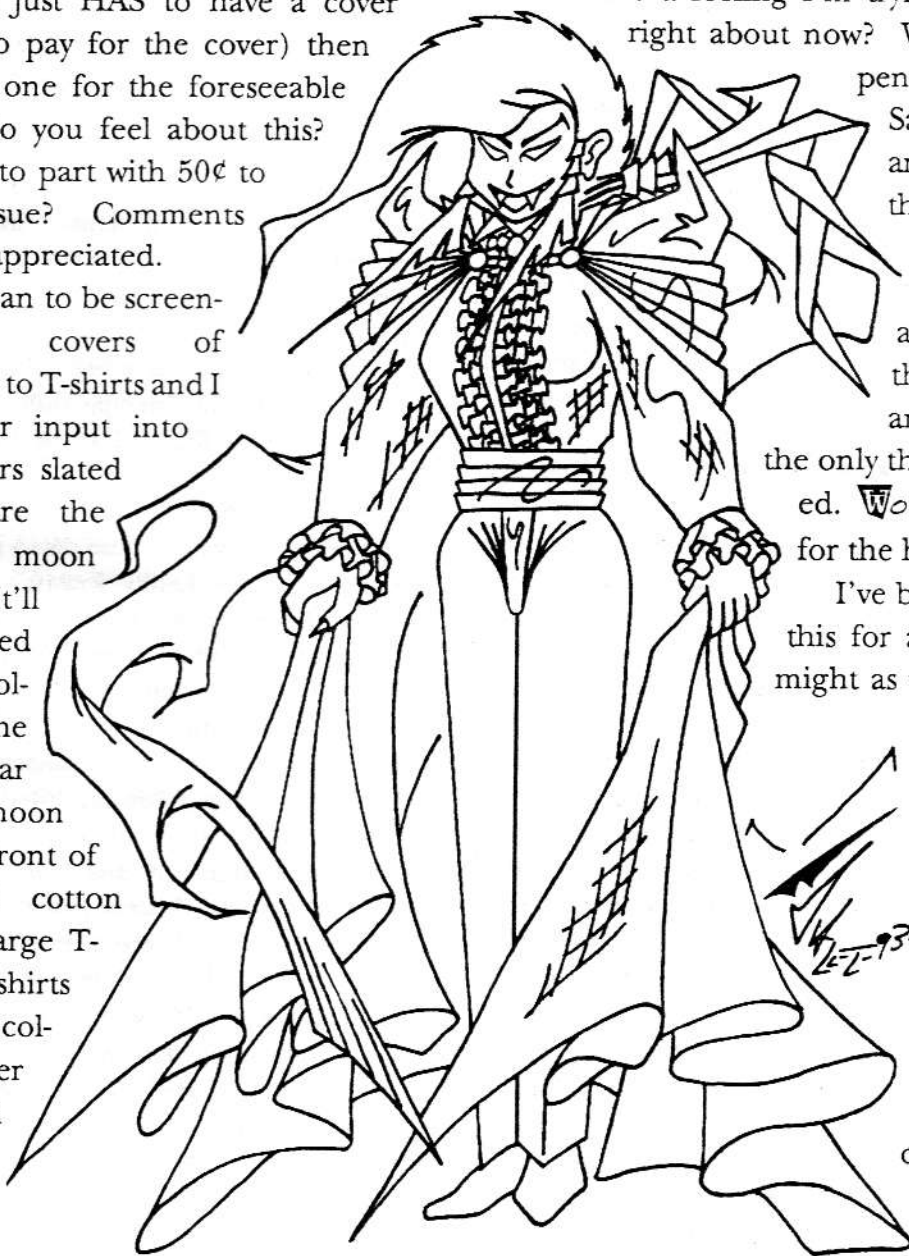
By 1994 we plan to be screen-printing the covers of **AMS** on to T-shirts and I would like your input into this. The covers slated for printing are the ones with the moon and the bar. It'll be an oversized cover in full colour (ooo) on the back, with the bar and complete moon (ahhh) on the front of a white 100% cotton large and xtra-large T-shirt. For some shirts it'll be the same colour as the cover (Sept. and Oct.'s) instead of white. Due

to the difficulty and involved we won't be printing on black, so don't bother asking, I already checked into it. Sorry. All proceeds from the sales are to be placed into the coffers for future printing of the newsletter, so it is for a good cause. If you or anyone interested likes to have a genuine **AMS** T-shirt, then please get in touch with me and if we're lucky, by early '94 you'll have a way cool shirt or two to show off.

Let's see... cover price... T-shirts... what else needs to be said this issue. Hmmm... do you have a feeling I'm trying to fill up space right about now? Well, it just so happens to be 2:59 a.m.

Saturday morning and I'm waiting for the credits page to print. I figure it'll be another hour and a half before that happens. That and this editorial are the only thing left to be printed. **Wow**. The things I do for the hell of it, eh?

I've been contemplating this for a few months, so I might as well get your opinion. Would you like to see all the **AMS**'s (the first issue from '92 and all the '93s) compiled into one volume and bound with a colour cover? This one we'll have to charge ya for, so choose wisely.



SOUNDSCAPE

The Music Scene

Wolf Wikeley



Music Editor's Note: Welcome to the first edition of **SOUNDSCAPE**, a new regular **AMS** feature. Mr. Lee and I are expanding the horizons of *Full Moon Story* to include many more areas applicable to our mandate as the "ZEN GRAPHX Entertainment and Information Newsletter". **SOUNDSCAPE** is one phase of that project - each month, I will be taking a look at the latest in music on radio and television, music videos, music software, music hardware, music media and musical instruments. This will include opinionated reviews and buckets of information for your benefit. I am a practising musician myself, as many readers are certainly aware, but I would not call myself an omniscient expert in the field; I welcome submissions from readers - complaints, comments, requests for reviews - and Mr. Lee and I will consider carefully everything we receive for the **SOUNDSCAPE** column. As a final note, I would like to assure our readers that the opinions I give here are in no way intended to be absolute; if I pan a CD or a piece of hardware, that doesn't mean it's no good. It just means that, personally, I don't endorse it. That said, once again welcome to **SOUNDSCAPE** - Canada's Music Scene!

Radio: The only time I actively listen to the radio these days is on the way to University at eight in the morning. As you can imagine, at this sort of time I'd like to hear something rough and raw, something with heavy drums, both to wake me up and to alert me to the torment I'm about to go through on campus. You know, about a year and a half ago, I could actually almost count on getting what I wanted to. Back when Power 92 really did play music, not all this techno-junk that sounds like it's composed by a guy with two fingers on crystal meth. Back when they played hard rock and heavy metal. Now, every morning, no matter how I flip channels, I really have only two choices - lame music or a bunch of idiots blabbering. Give it a rest! I can make unintelligent conversation of my own at that hour; I don't need to hear someone else's! Edmonton radio has only one glimmer of salvation on a dial that's loaded with talk stations and oldies dispensers: 100.3 THE BEAR! This is a station I can live with sometimes. The on-air personalities are just as banal as all the other stations, but at least I can count

on hearing bad guitars and bad drums 90% of the time I tune in. That's more of what I want.

Television: Forget looking for music anywhere on regular television. There is a universal rule for modern TV shows, it seems: if the music is good, the show sucks, or if the show's good, then the music sucks. Take *"The Heights"*. I hear most people didn't really enjoy the program all that much, but the song *"How Do You Talk to an Angel?"* did marvelously well. Conversely, take *"Star Trek: The Next Generation"*. The stories are lame, but the visuals usually make up for that, and of course Patrick Stewart brings a lot of class to the show. But the music is bland by demand - it's production policy! If you really want quality music on normal TV, you only have one real option: commercials. Sure, you have to watch somebody pimping an Oldsmobile or Levi's jeans, but sometimes the music is worth it. Japan's ahead of us on this front, too (surprise, surprise...). They know commercial music is cool, so they even tell you who the artist is during the commercials, making it look like a music video. Does it sell more ramen? I don't know, but I do know that I haven't bought an Oldsmobile yet. I have tried the Loose Fit Levi's, though.

Music Video: Naturally, this section is brought to you via the Nation's Music Station - MuchMusic. Have you noticed their new fall line-up, with shows like *"Super Hit Video"* and *"French Kiss"*? Lots of chances to catch the videos you want to see. Don't expect quality entertainment, though, most of the time. Videos are getting worse and worse these days - mostly getting more commercial. Like Lenny Kravitz's rip-off of *2001* in *"Believe"*. Or they're getting so stupid and self-gratifying that you just don't want to watch at all. Like *"The River"* by The Tea Party. This month, it's a very close race between my two favorite videos. Coming in at second place, there's *"The Royal Canadian Kilted Yaksmen Anthem"* by Ren and Stimpy. Marvelously un-rhyming lyrics and a stolen score (*"God Save the Queen"*) come together with stunningly disgusting visuals to create an event in music video history that I'd be hard pressed to forget. The touching voice of Ren Hoek still haunts me. But, my favorite this month is a slightly older video from Radiohead, called *"Creep"*. The sheer power of the song's introspective, dark lyrics rivets me in a mood of inescapable self-reproach. The power of the aggressive guitar section is shockingly impressive, and the vocals are deeply expressive. Visually, not much goes on, but the lighting and angle are so well coordinated to the mood that the overall effect is surprising for a performance

video. Hence, "Creep" is my number one choice in music video this month.

Music Software: I've bought a lot of CDs in the past few weeks - far more than I should have. Some I would recommend, and some I would not. First, there's the new self-titled collection by Duran Duran. They have always been a great band, though they've gone through a number of dramatic changes. Overall, the collection is nice to have in the background, but few songs come anywhere near the dramatic quality of older songs like "Hungry Like the Wolf" and "A View to a Kill". Second, in terms of Anime CDs, I've acquired the second BubbleGum Crisis vocal collection, and I find it to be quite a disappointment. Volume one was filled with rocking guitar riffs and chilling solos, but volume two is mostly electronic, repetitive, and canned. Finally, I was amazed to find a very unique CD at HMV in the World Beat section: Love Life, by Akiko Yano. This American compilation was released in 1993, comprising songs from Japan dating mostly back to 1991. I was familiar with Yano's work from the Tokyo Joe collection by Ryuichi Sakamoto and Kazumi Watanabe, a strange 1970s Japanese jazz-pop album. There, she worked with the renowned Sakamoto on composition, keyboards, and vocals. On Love Life, she again composes many of the songs and plays piano, in addition to delivering highly poetic and energetic lyrics. Love Life is a relaxing CD, valuable as background or as a complete listening experience. And once again, Ryuichi Sakamoto works together with Yano, guest-appearing on keyboards. Naturally, this unique Japanese collection is my number one CD choice of the month.

Music Hardware: There's only a bit of news in music hardware terms at this time. MD players are still very expensive, even in Akihabara, Japan. CD portables are still very much a hot item on the hardware market, and apparently cassette deck sales are reaching a very low volume. Strange, I think, since advances are continuing in the analogue cassette industry. 3-head technology allows a metal analogue cassette to outperform a CD, with a dynamic range of 10Hz to 20KHz. This couldn't be accomplished, of course, without Bang & Olufsen's Dolby HX Pro - the most important feature to look for on a cassette player today. If it doesn't have HX Pro, it's not worth the money! Also, the advent of Dolby S noise reduction technology will improve the signal to noise ratio so greatly that the noise will be almost inaudible. Watch for Dolby S on the market if you're considering re-investing in analogue equipment.

Music Media: Will the Mini Disc (MD) stay afloat in the sea of competing music formats? With its shoddy performance in dynamic range, it's outstripped by CDs and even analogue metal cassettes! The mass market might fall for its convenience and portability, but it's not

likely to snare the consummate audiophile any time soon. Its applications are likely to centre in computer software storage, eventually. On the side, has anyone heard anything about those DCCs lately? And what about those DATs? No doubt they've gone the way of the 8-track in a much shorter period of time. The CD is still the basis of our market, but what about analogue media? As I constantly recommend, use metal tape or, failing that, use chrome. These tapes, when properly recorded on a 3-head HX Pro deck, will make you wonder about investing in anything digital (until the player starts unraveling and spitting up your master tape!). What's new on the market for analogue is Sony's "ES" line, with grey shells and "Anti-Vibration Mechanism". They come in "ES-I" format (normal cassette; not recommended), "ES-II" (excellent chrome tape) and presumably "ES-IV" (metal). This line of tape was introduced very recently in both Japan and Canada, and right now it's one of the few lines in the Sony Stores that's made entirely in Japan. I've tested American-made Sony products, and they're substandard, believe me.

Musical Instruments: What's new this year seems to be what's old. I mean, Fender is re-releasing all of its classic guitars, like the Broadcaster, Telecaster, and Stratocaster. Meanwhile, Hamer is marketing a "Modern Vintage" series of guitars to attract musicians looking for that "old time" sound. Gibson has responded to market pressures by releasing a totally new design of guitar - the "Nighthawk". Based entirely upon the ever-popular Gibson Les Paul model, it boasts a variable tone array giving sounds anywhere from searing metal to hillbilly country. I've been watching the keyboard market quite closely, too, and have found no similar advances to the breakthrough of PCM some years ago. Casio's keyboards seem to be sacrificing sound quality for more automatic features, making it clear that their boards are becoming toys and not instruments. Roland's sound architecture is still the best, working with computer cards and complete composition workstations. And, as usual, Yamaha offers grand control platforms with out-dated sound generation. The next closest competitor, Peavey, offers great control and splendid sound, but almost no outside hardware or software support. What I want to know is, with all this awesome technology available, to create wonderful sounds and rhythms, why are today's musicians still for the most part using TR-808s and cheesy FM synths? Techno performers give keyboards a bad name!

Wolf's Pack:

- #1 Radio Station: 100.3 THE BEAR
- #1 Television Music: Levi's Loose Fit Jeans
- #1 Music Video: "Creep" - Radiohead
- #1 CD or Collection: Love Life - Akiko Yano

A Martyr to your Heart

AMS Story Feature

Wolf Wikeley

They shut the door on the harsh winter air, escaped the unforgiving chill behind steel and wood. The two of them had walked scarcely a block between the convenience store and her home, but each had seen the other's breath as they talked in shivering voices. Now, both removed their coats and boots, and he took off his glasses to let them defrost. She offered him a seat on the couch while she added a block of wood to the fire, then she sat down next to him.

"Amazing, isn't it, Kei," he said, brushing some of the snow out of his short, windblown black hair. "It wasn't that far, but I got chilled through... Are you still cold?"

"Very," she said, "But I'll warm up soon enough... Let's move closer to the fire."

With limbs still stiff, they went to sit cross-legged by the fireplace. Without an exchange of words or glances, she leaned her head against his shoulder. Neither was any discussion needed when he put his arm around her, and pushed aside her long, obsidian-black locks to warm her ear with his fingertips.

"Perhaps we shouldn't have gone tonight... It was only a few things I had to get. I could have done it tomorrow," she said, making it seem like her ear still needed to be treated quite a bit, and leaning into him with more weight.

"It could be even colder tomorrow," he said. "And despite the

cold, it is a nice evening."

"Thanks for coming with me, Ikuro."

"Well, I could hardly have stayed here and let you go alone, ne?" He smiled - something she understood was difficult for him at the best of times, and something whose value she didn't underestimate. "You know I'll follow you wherever you go, as long as you don't tell me to stop."

"Then you'll be following me for a long time..." Suddenly growing uncomfortable, she pulled away from him, sat so her shoulder was just barely touching his. He regarded her with questions in his eyes, remembered his spectacles and put them back on to try and fathom her facial expression.

"Kei, is something the matter?" he asked, probing her dark eyes with his own. "Tell me..."

"Ikuro, when do you have to leave tonight?" she asked.

"No particular time," he said. Then something in her eyes told him that was not the kind of answer she was looking for. "About eleven, maybe... It's already a quarter to ten now."

"Okay... I'm sorry - I don't want to worry you. I'm all right." Ikuro sensed that was not the complete picture, but he also knew that getting her to fill in the missing pieces was a task he was not up to. However, he felt he had some pieces of his own to add, an embellishment he had been hoping to make for some weeks.

"Look, Kei, one of my new year's resolutions was to be honest, and-

"But you always are honest, Ikuro. I've never known you to seriously tell a lie," she put in, bridging some of the distance that had momentarily appeared between the two, and taking his hand.

"Well, I know I tell the truth. But the issue is how much of the truth I tell... I want to tell more of it, Kei..." He looked into the fire for a few minutes, as if staring into its bright flames was easier than facing her. "For instance, there's a difference between saying that I consider you to be one of my best friends, and actually admitting... how much that means to me..." He faced her eyes again, bravely, and read any number of responses there, but not rejection.

"Our friendship means a lot to me, too, Ikuro," she said. "That's no secret."

"Yes, but... Do you ever get the idea that it could become more than a friendship? More... romantic?" He stopped for a second, disbelieving his own boldness. "I don't mean anything very physical - there's a time and a place for that and I know I'm not there yet... But... I guess I'm trying to say... That I love you."

Kei was completely silent. Ikuro looked around restlessly, as if he had just embarrassed himself in a large group of people. But it was just the two of them in her living room by the fireplace. Finally, he spoke again.

"I'm... sorry, if I've offended you. Maybe I shouldn't have."

"How could you say that?" she asked him, in a tone that sounded

accusational to him. "How could you possibly say that and mean it, Ikuro?"

"You're asking me to justify what I feel?" he asked, almost indignant for an instant. "Kei, you're everywhere in my life... I can't go anywhere without seeing you, whether you're really there or not. And I like that... You couldn't be more dear to me." He touched her cheek with his fingertips, expecting her to swat his hand away. But she didn't. "I can't imagine anything more pleasant than being with you..."

"You don't understand what you're saying," Kei told him. "You couldn't... Ikuro, you're my best friend. And I want to be yours. But I'm not someone you can love."

"Why?" he asked. "Why are you saying this to me? Is there someone else that I don't know about?" She shook her head. He was certain she was on the threshold of tears. "What is it?"

"Ikuro, you just can't. You mustn't... No matter how much I... Want you to." She bowed her head, lifted her eyes after a moment of silence. "I could hurt you more than you could possibly imagine. There are things about me... that you just don't know, and you don't want to."

"What? Your past, bad experiences, troubles at home? I'm familiar enough with some of that myself... Kei, it doesn't make you un-loveable. I always want to be by your side, and I want to give you everything I have to offer... Doesn't that make a difference?"

"You don't know what you're asking for... And I can't tell you... But I cannot return what you offer me, and I... I wish you wouldn't offer it..."

His dream pulled apart, Ikuro couldn't help himself. He broke down, weeping silently, looking straight down at the floor and feeling colder than outside despite the warmth of the fire. He didn't want to cry, despised himself for the tears that trickled down his cheeks. But this one moment had meant so much to him, and he hadn't imagined she would turn him away...

**"I can't... You
don't know
what you're
trying to do..."**

Somehow she managed to get him into his coat and boots and down to her car, though he refused to say a word to her or look at her. His sudden distance hurt her, but she understood it and respected it. The car was about as cooperative as he was, but she eventually got it started and moving into the street. And then it was a silent car trip, filled with wordless tension and bitterness. Kei tried twice to get through to him, but nothing could, so she concentrated on her driving. If she had not been concentrating so hard, she couldn't possibly have veered away at all from the maniacally fast car that strayed from the opposing lane. But even as it was, the other car clipped her tail end as it crossed her lane, out of control. Her car ended up with its nose wrapped around a light post, while the other car came to a stop in the ditch.

The sweet voice that he had adored since the first time he had heard it had failed to break

through Ikuro's trance. But now, the sounds of the collision freed him from his silent state, and then the shock and pain hit him; his neck was jolted violently as the car hit the lamp. He immediately released himself from his seatbelt, looked aghast at the deformed dashboard before him, and then looked to his left, to the driver's seat. And he was overwhelmed with grief, as he took in the sight of Kei, bent forward over the steering wheel, bleeding from a head wound and evidently unconscious.

"No!" he cried, his voice broken. "Kei!" There was no response, even when he gently touched her shoulder.

Fiercely angry and desperate to do something, he shoved open his door, and as carefully as possible pulled her out of the car. As he was making sure she was lying in a position to minimize possible spinal trauma, the driver of the other car staggered up to him, bruised but apparently in better shape than Kei. Ikuro wanted to kill him. But Kei's life was more valuable than the fool's death. Even though Ikuro could smell the alcohol on the other driver's breath.

"Is... Is she okay?" the drunk driver asked him.

"No... Go!" Ikuro pointed to the gas station, not more than two hundred metres away on the highway. "Go call an ambulance, you idiot!" The man fled, and Ikuro looked back to Kei, intending to check her pulse and start CPR. Only to find her eyes open, and her arms reaching out to him. He lowered himself closer to her, ignoring the cold wind that snapped at his face and whipped his hair around.

"Ikuro..." she managed to

whisper.

"I'm right here, Kei... Are you all right? The ambulance is on its way..." He fought back his tears more than ever now, tried to smile and give her strength.

"They can't help me... I'm going to die... Lost too much... blood..." Her eyelids were fluttering; he took her hand and forced her to hold on.

"No you haven't. You haven't lost that much, Kei," he said, remembering the first aid course he had once taken.

"Too much for me... I'm not like you..." She coughed briefly, and he held her steady, as if to stop her from going anywhere. "Ikuro, there is a reason why... This must be our secret. Do you promise?"

"Kei, what is?"

"Do you promise?" He nodded. "I'm not just a normal girl, Ikuro. I... I'm a vampire."

Ikuro wanted to laugh out loud, to disbelieve absolutely, to call it impossible. But in her eyes he saw the absolute truth, and he could neither say nor do anything.

"I... I don't believe."

"Ikuro, believe me... That's why I can't love you... Because I can't afford to be that close to you... I could hurt you so badly, because the more I love you, the more I want to touch you, in a way that no other girl can..." Her eyes fluttered again, but he squeezed her hand, and she forced them open again. "That's why.. That's why I'm dying..."

Another man might have hesitated. Might have thought of himself or panicked or abandoned her entirely. But not Ikuro.

"Kei, let me teach you something about the meaning of love, and about what it means to be a

martyr to your heart," Ikuro said. And with that, he pulled off his white scarf, opened his jacket, and loosened his collar. "Please, Kei... I don't want to lose you..."

"I can't... You don't know what you're trying to do..." She looked up into his eyes, and read both his terror and his overriding, undying love.

"Yes I do... You're precious to me, Kei..."

"But I will hurt you... And if I take too much, I'll kill you, or you'll end up just like me..." She didn't want to hurt him, didn't want to let him sacrifice himself in any way. But his love truly enraptured her, and the touch he was offering to allow was the deepest expression of her own love.

"I'm willing. I'd be hurt for you, I'd live forever for you... Or I'd die for you..." He leaned ever closer to her, till he could feel her faint breath just below his chin. "Kei, I love you. And you can love me back..."

As he had hoped, though an instant sooner than he had expected, he felt her lips gently touch his throat, and it was like all the kisses he had secretly wished for. And then he felt her tongue, moist and warm. But sharp pain followed, as her teeth punctured his skin; there was no way for her to do it gently. He fought the impulse to pull away from her, as the blood flowed out of his body, held her tightly instead. And as the pain began to fade away, it was replaced with an unexpected and unique pleasure; he was draining his strength into her, fuelling her, giving of his own life to save hers. The sensation was strangely wonderful. But a good deal more brief than he would have thought, as well. When it was over, she pulled

her lips away, and he rose, knelt beside her. He felt mildly light-headed, and overwhelmed by the whole experience, but delighted to see that she seemed better already.

"W-was it enough?" he asked her. She smiled, and nodded, her teeth stained pink with his blood. "B-but, am I-"

"You're all right, too," she said. "I took what I needed, no more... Ikuro, I want to be your lover... I can and I will, whatever the cost... I promise I won't hurt you again."

He was speechless until he noted the glow of flashing red lights, approaching the crash site. Hastily, he fixed his collar, so no one would notice.

"The ambulance is here, Kei... They're going to take care of you now," he reassured her.

"But you're the one who really takes care of me," she said. Summoning up all her infused strength, she rose halfway, and put her arms around the man she loved. He hugged her tightly, wanted to kiss her but knew he couldn't just at that moment.

"That's what friendship is for," he said. He could hear the ambulance attendants approaching now.

"It was your love that saved me," she told him. "And that was more than I could ever have asked of you."

"Not really," he said, speaking quickly to make the most of the seconds of privacy that remained. "I guess... I guess it really saves everyone, in his or her own different way... You saved me a long time ago. Maybe not from death... But loneliness is something I find hard to live with."

"You don't have to. I'm right here. And I never want to leave you."

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